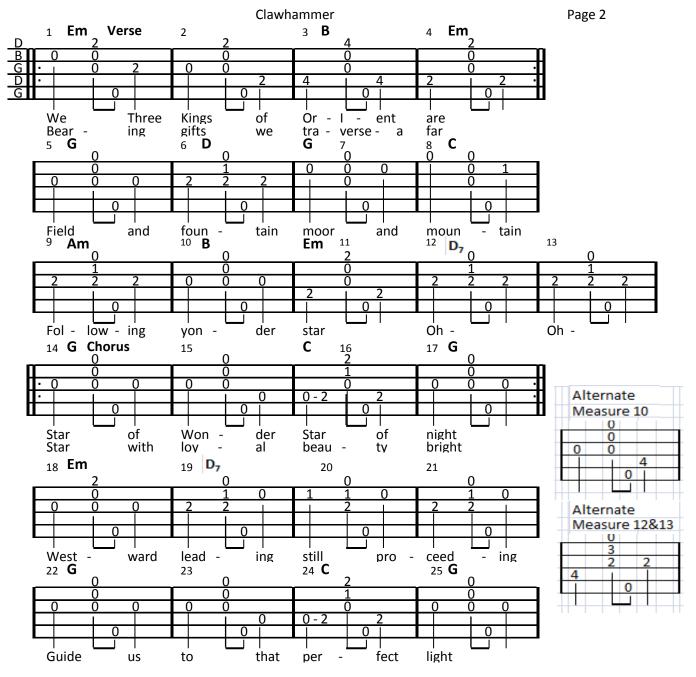


We Three Kings of Orient Are John Henry Hopkins, Jr

Chorus

O star of wonder, star of night, Star with royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect Light.



Verse 2

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again, King forever, ceasing never Over us all to reign.

Chorus

Verse 3

Frankincense to offer have I.
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.

Chorus

Verse 4

Myrrh is mine: it's bitter perfume Breaths a life of gathering gloom. Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding dying, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Chorus

Verse 5

Glorious now behold Him arise, King and God and Sacrifice. Alleluia, alleluia!

Sounds through the earth and skies.

Chorus